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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Living Christ.

(BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.)

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor; the roses are fragrant and sweet; The music pours out like a sea-wave pulsing in praise at His feet, Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus is risen again. But we look for the signs of His living in the hearts of the children of men.

Wherever a soft hand of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe; Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe; Wherever a tender heart's mercy outreaches to succor a need; Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is risen indeed.

Wherever the soul of a people arises in courage and might, And flings off the grave bands that shroud it in gloom and the glooms of the night; Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede, And truth wins a soul or a kingdom—the Master is risen indeed.

So fling out your banners, brave toilers, bring lilies to altar and shrine. Ring out, Easter bells, He is risen. For you are the token and sign;— There's a world moving onward and Godward, Ye are called to the front, ye must lead; Behind are the grave and the darkness; the Master is risen indeed.

The Plot That Failed

I

We fellows had missed Dick's cheerful face a good deal from the Levity Club of late, and the idea took possession of us that he must be ill or in love. As his especial friend, I was commissioned to investigate. To this end I called upon him at his chambers in the Temple.

I knocked, but received no reply, so I pushed open the door and entered. I expected to find the room empty; but, to my surprise, right before me as I entered sat Dick Graham at a writing table which was strewn with manuscripts and odd scraps of paper.

"Dick, old chap," said I, stepping forward to his desk and laying my hand upon his shoulder, "what's up? Turned deaf all of a sudden?"

"Good heavens!" he cried. "I—I—you gave me a fright, Harold. I didn't know any one was in the room."

"I beg your pardon," I replied. "But I knocked several times, and as I received no invitation to come in, I entered."

"The fact is"—he began apologetically, with a glance at his desk. "Yes, yes," I interrupted, "I see—you confounded old yarns. Well, you've simply got to turn them up for a spell. Now, come."

"I would," replied Dick, "were I engaged upon any ordinary story, but this one I am working at now is my masterpiece."

"H'm!" I coughed slightly. "Really," said Dick, "I'm in earnest this time. Look here, I've just conceived the idea for a plot which when worked into a story will startle the world with its brilliancy. Just have a squint at the outline. Perhaps a suggestion might help me."

Eagerly he raked together about a dozen scraps of paper covered with diagrams and a sheet of paper closely written upon.

"My idea," he began, "is this: Two fellows, named respectively Dick and Harry are in love with two girls Lucy and Mabel. Now, Dick loves Lucy? while Harry's affections are centered upon Mabel. Very well. But there is trouble—i. e., Mabel doesn't care a straw about Harry. Her fancy is Dick. And the object of Lucy's tender passion is Harry. D'you see?"

"Yes," rather faintly. "Well," he continued, "there is to be a masked ball in their town, and my four characters will be present. Dick intends to go as a Chinaman and Harry as Mr. Answers. Mabel is going as Queen Mary and Lucy as Mrs. Kruger. By some means they all get to know what the disguises of the other will be. But at the last moment each couple exchange their dresses, reversing the characters. D'you see?"

"I—I think I grasp it," I muttered between my set teeth. "Well," continued Dick, "the consequence is that Harry, who was going as Mr. Answers, but who has really gone as a Chinaman, proposes to Lucy, who is made up as Queen Mary, taking her to be Mabel, who as a matter of fact is masquerading as Mrs. Kruger."

A cold sweat was beginning to break out all over me, and I believe I must have worn that same kind of hunted expression which was now increasing on poor Dick's face. He had gathered two or three scraps of paper, and was illustrating the "idea" to me by means of rough sketches of the characters, from one to the others of whom he drew arrows to point his meaning.

"Go on," I said desperately.

"You see," he said, in compliance, "here is an arrow pointing from Dick to Lucy, showing he loves her; here is another from Lucy to Harry, showing she loves Harry." I fairly trembled now, and Graham's hair was assuming a perpendicular. "Then here is a curved line from Harry to Lucy in the diagram, showing them at the ball, which points to the fact—"

"Heavens, man!" I broke out, "drop it, or I'll go mad!"

"Do have a little patience!" he cried excitedly. "It's getting quite simple, I assure you. There are only a few points to clear up, and it'll be as simple as A B C."

He dipped his pen in the ink, and drew another diagram representing the four characters.

"You see by this," he said, pointing to it, "that Dick, who ought to be a Chinaman, is really Mr. Answers; while the girl he—that is, her—Harry has changed his disguise from Mr. Answers to a Chinaman. Well, Dick loves Lucy—Queen Mary, really—but he takes Mrs. Kruger to be she. See, it?"

"Pardon me, Dick, old fellow," I interrupted. "It may be that I am very dense, but I must confess that I can't follow you."

"That's because you're a fool!" he snapped. "This is the grandest, most novel, simplest, and at the same time most intricate plot ever hatched."

"Well, have another try to explain," said I.

II.

Setting his teeth and fixing a steely look upon the papers before him, he commenced:

"Dick loves Lucy, and Harry loves Mabel. Mr. Answers is going to a ball—no, no; Harry will be Mr. Answers, and it is he who will be at the ball with Mrs. Kruger."

"Haven't you got it a bit mixed?" I ventured timidly.

"Not a bit," he said feverishly. "Let me continue before I lose the thread."

In awe I listened to him as he proceeded:

"They change disguises. Mrs. Kruger and Queen Mary are Mabel and Lucy, only the other way about. The Chinaman proposes to Mrs. Kruger and is accepted—I mean, Mr. Answers is."

He had jumped to his feet and was turning over the diagram feverishly.

"Stop it, man!" I cried. "You'll go off your head!"

"Mrs. Kruger and Queen Mary went to a masked ball," I heard him mutter. Once again I besought him to desist.

"If the fancy ball—that is, suppose Mrs. Kruger were a Chinaman—no, no—He was fairly dancing about with excitement, and had started to work the thing out on his finger tips.

I waited for no more. Without delay I dashed off to the Levity and fetched half a dozen friends. We arrived at Dick's chambers.

The poor fellow was sitting quietly on the floor, surrounded by manuscripts and sheets of paper reading diagrams.

"If Mrs. Kruger were to meet Mr. Answers at the carnival, would Lucy be engaged to a Chinaman or to Queen Mary?" he was muttering. "Suppose Queen Mary were Mrs. Kruger—impossible! Then Mr. Answers must be a Chinaman, and I know he isn't. Suppose a Chinaman married a fancy dress ball! Who proposed to Mrs. Kruger?" We stole away as softly as we had come, a scared look on our faces.

A week later poor old Dick Graham was safe in bedlam. From a scrap of paper I found in Dick's rooms I have copied the most concise description of the plot he ever wrote. Here it is:

"Dick is in love with Lucy and Harry with Mabel. But Lucy loves Harry, and Mabel loves Dick. They are all going to a masked ball and know each other's intended disguise beforehand. Dick intends to go as a Chinaman and Harry as Mr. Answers; Mabel is going as Queen Mary and Lucy as Mrs. Kruger. But at the last moment each couple change over disguises. Of course at the ball Harry proposes to—"

Here the writing breaks off. The attempt to work it out drove Dick Graham mad, and I defy any one else to do it without the same result.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

The United States.

The following list, compiled by the *Philadelphia Times*, gives the names of the States, the meaning of each name, and also the nicknames by which the inhabitants are known.

This is the most complete list of the kind we have yet seen. Following it will be found a list of nicknames applied to cities:

STATES.

Alabama—1, Here we Rest. 2, Cotton State. 3, Lizards. Arkansas—1, Bow on Smoke Water. 2, Toothpick or Bear State. 3, Toothpicks. California—1, Hot Furnace. 2, Eureka or Golden State. 3, Gold Hunters. Colorado—1, Ruddy (River). 2, Buffalo Plains. 3, Rovers. Connecticut—1, Long River. 2, Nutmeg State. 3, Wooden Nutmegs. Dakota—1, Allied (tribes). 2, Sioux State. 3, Squatters. Delaware—1, In honor of Lord De la Warre, Governor of Virginia in 1601. 2, Blue Hen State. 3, Musk-rats. Florida—1, Flowers. 2, Flowery State. 3, Fly-Up-The-Creeks. Georgia—1, Feminine of George, in honor of George II. 2, Empire State of the South. 3, Buzzards. Idaho—1, Mountain sheen of the Morning Sun. 2, Gem of the Mountains. 3, Fortune Seekers. Illinois—1, Tribe of Men. 2, Sucker or Prairie State. 3, Suckers. Indiana—1, Indian Land. 2, Hoosier State. 3, Hoosiers. Iowa—1, Drowsy Ones (Indian Tribe). 2, Hawkeye State. 3, Hawkeys. Kansas—1, Smoky Water. 2, Jayhawker State. 3, Jayhawkers. Kentucky—1, At the Head of the River. 2, Dark and Bloody Ground. Corn-cracker or Blue Grass State. 3, Corn-crackers. Louisiana—1, In honor of Louis XIV. of France. 2, Creole State. 3, Creoles. Maine—1, The Mainland. 2, Pine Tree State. 3, Foxes. Maryland—1, In honor of Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. of England. 2, Monumental State. 3, Clamhumper. Massachusetts—1, Place of the Great Hills. 2, Old Bay State. 3, Yankee. Michigan—1, Fish Weir. 2, Wolverine State. 3, Wolverines. Minnesota—1, Muddy Water. 2, Gopher State. 3, Gophers. Mississippi—1, Father of Waters. 2, Eagle State. 3, Tadpoles. Missouri—1, Great Muddy (River). 2, Puke State. 3, Pukes. Montana—1, Hilly Country. (No nicknames found.) Nebraska—1, Shallow water. 2, Antelope State. 3, Bugeaters. Nevada—1, Saw toothed (Sierra Nevada). 2, Sage State. 3, Sage-Hens. New Hampshire—1, From Hampshire, England. 2, Old Granite State. 3, Granite Boys. New Jersey—1, From the Isle of Jersey. 2, Blue State, or New Spain. 3, Blues. New York—1, From the Duke of York, afterwards James II. 2, Empire State. 3, Kinckerbockers. North Carolina—1, From Carolus (Charles IX. of France). 2, Old North or Turpentine State. 3, Tarheels. Ohio—1, Beautiful (River). 2, Buckeye State. 3, Buckeyes. Oregon—1, Wild Sage. 2, Pacific State. 3, Hard Cases. Pennsylvania—1, Penn's Woods. 2, Keystone State. 3, Pennamites or Leather-Heads. Rhode Island—1, From the Isle

of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. 2, Plantation State or Little Rhody. 3, Gunflints.

South Carolina—1, Separated from North Carolina in 1729. 2, Palmetto State. 3, Weasles.

Tennessee—1, River of the Great Bend. 2, Lion's Den State. 3, Whelps.

Texas—1, Friendly (Indian Tribe). 2, Lone Star State. 3, Beef-Heads.

Utah—1, Dwellers in the Mountains. 2, Mormon State. 3, Polygamists.

Vermont—1, Green Mountain. 2, Green Mountain State. 3, Green Mountain Boys.

Virginia—1, From the Virgin Queen Elizabeth. 2, Old Dominion. 3, Beagles.

Washington—1, In honor of George Washington. (No nicknames found.)

Wisconsin—1, Rushing Channel (River). 2, Badger State. 3, Badgers.

Wyoming—1, Broad Plains. No nicknames found.

CITIES.

Atlanta, Ga.—Gate City of the South. Baltimore, Md.—Monumental City. Bangor, Me.—Lumber City. Boston, Mass.—Modern Athens or the Hub of the Universe. Brooklyn, N. Y.—The City of churches. Buffalo, N. Y.—Queen of the Lakes. Burlington, Iowa.—Orchard City. Charleston, S. C.—Palmetto City. Chicago, Ill.—Prairie City or Garden City. Cincinnati, O.—Queen City of the West or Porkopolis. Cleveland, O.—Forest City. Denver, Col.—City of the Plains. Detroit, Mich.—City of the Straits. Hartford, Ct.—Insurance City. Indianapolis, Ind.—Railroad City. Keokuk, Iowa.—Gate City. Lafayette, Ind.—State City. Leavenworth, Kan.—Cottonwood City. Louisville, Ky.—Falls City. Lowell, Mass.—Spindle City. McGregor, Iowa.—Pocket City. Madison, Wis.—Lake City. Milwaukee, Wis.—Cream City. Nashville, Tenn.—Rock City. New Haven, Conn.—Elm City. New Orleans, La.—Crescent City. New York, N. Y.—Empire City, Gotham or the Metropolis. Philadelphia, Pa.—City of Brotherly Love, Quaker City or Centennial City. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Iron City or Smoky City. Portland, Me.—Hill City. Providence, R. I.—Roger Williams City. Raleigh, N. C.—Oak City. Richmond, Va.—Cockade City. Rochester, N. Y.—Aqueduct City. Salt Lake City, Utah—Mormon City. San Francisco, Cal.—Golden Gate. Savannah, Ga.—Forest City of the South. Sheboygan, Wis.—Evergreen City. St. Louis, Mo.—Mound City. St. Paul, Minn.—North Star City. Vicksburg, Miss.—Key City. Washington, D. C.—City of Magnificent Distances or Federal City.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y. Holy Communion. St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Holy Communion. Trinity Church, Newark.

Gallandet Home (temporary) for Deaf-mutes, Poughkeepsie. 10 A. M. Church of the Good-Shepherd, Newburgh. 3:30 P. M. Good Friday, April 5th, Services in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 4 P. M., and 8 P. M., in St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. 8 P. M.

Dr. Walter B. Peet will deliver his lecture on "First aid to the injured," in St. Ann's Guild room, Thursday, April 11th, at 8 P. M. A large attendance is expected.

The Publisher's Circular, of London, states that over 100 books on South African war have been produced in the last six months.

AND AFTER?

The woman in white had passed through a most triumphant day and was weary. She tossed her hat to a bed, her gloves and fan to a chair and she herself dropped into the great willow rocker—a mass of fluffy white draperies, her deerlike head, with its crown of red brown hair, lifted above the foam. The woman in white had been younger, but she had never before been so beautiful.

Because she had won him—and because she had no right to him. Because he had once scorned and flouted her and had passed her with his wife on his arm and a look of cold contempt in his eyes, and because now he had followed her for days and days, and she had made him sue for a kind word from her—her, the scorned and despised. Because she had laughed in his face and had baited and lured him until he had thrown to the winds his decent life and all the long years of uprightness and the position among men for which he had struggled, and was ready to follow her to the world's end, and because he was the one man whose scorn had cut deep into what she called her soul!

She looked at the radiant thing in the mirror and laughed and turned the flashing bracelet about and around on her wrist, and a something almost womanly came into her face as she realized that it was not the diamonds she cared for—no! She would have loved a ribbon if he had given it to her with that look on his face and would have kissed it as she did this, with a passionate delight.

And the woman in gray, standing in the door, saw her kissing the bracelet.

"May I talk with you a few minutes?" asked the woman in gray; the woman in white saw her reflection in the mirror. What she saw was a gray-clad woman, with a pale, pale face, and dark eyes with darker shadows under them, and brown hair that was beginning to whiten with early frost.

The woman in white stared insolently at the reflection in the mirror and smiled.

"I don't know what my servants can be thinking of," she said without turning. "I really have nothing for you, my good woman. Perhaps if you go down some of my people will show you the way out."

"But I must see you for a little while," said the woman in gray, putting aside the insult and coming slowly nearer, and there was a deadly stillness about her as she drew a chair forward and sat down in it. Then they looked at each other—the woman in gray and the woman in white.

"I think perhaps you know me," said the woman in gray. "No doubt people have pointed me out to you as the wife of of—"

"They have," said the woman in white haughtily, taking up a steel paper knife from the table near at hand and playing with it. "To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

The woman in gray looked at the paper knife and smiled wearily.

"You mistake me," she said. "Some women might have thought of that. But you will live. See! To-morrow I go upon a long journey, and I know that I must see you face to face before I went."

"What possible interest can I have in your plans for traveling?" cried the woman in white contemptuously. "Pray consult your dressmaker instead, and tell her for me that she should be killed if she ever dresses you in gray again. It is not becoming."

"You are bitter," said the woman in gray, "and we have so little time, and we are so near the tragedies of both of our lives. A little while ago I was bitter against you, too, but now I am too sad to be very bitter. I see how past remedy it is. I am not here to beg you to be merciful. Even if you wished, you couldn't give back what I have lost."

"Well, you have had your chance!" cried the woman in white. "And you have lost it! Who but yourself is to blame?"

The woman in white had thrown prudence to the winds with that speech, and now rage and jealousy and insolent triumph were curious-

ly blended in the beautiful face and flushed in a red glow from the eyes.

"Yes—I have lost it," said the woman in gray. "And having learned this, past all doubt, I would not try to keep him if I could. I am going away, and he shall live his life in peace. I have merely come to ask you what kind of life it is going to be."

The woman in white threw herself back in her chair and raised her beautiful arms above her head.

"Oh, you cold blooded woman!" she cried, clasping her hands above the shining coil of her hair. "You icy wives that go your round of what you call 'duties,' and sew on buttons and have good dinners and sit at the head of the table, as interesting as that Dresden shepherdess, month after month and year after year, and then are shocked and outraged when he meets a flesh and blood woman and loves her! What kind of life will he have? Why, he will learn for the first time that he is alive! What right have women like you to talk about love—women who give a man up the first time he looks another way! Why, I would make myself the most beautiful and most attractive creature in the world to him, so that he could never even look at another woman—and then, if he looked, I would not go away and leave him. I would kill him!"

She clutched the paper knife in her right hand, and lifted the left hand and kissed again the flashing circlet on her wrist.

The woman in gray looked at her, and the sight was branded on her memory. When she spoke again, it was in lower tones. Her eyes were fixed on a ring—a loose, loose ring that she was turning around on her finger.

"Perhaps we were mistaken about having loved each other," she said absently, as though she were talking to herself. "We were both so young and so ignorant. We were married earlier than we intended—because my mother died, and I was left alone, and was such an unprotected child—and so we were married and we agreed that we were to study together because we were both so ambitious—for him. And perhaps I couldn't have kept pace with him, at my best, but I had to take in sewing to help him along, so I hadn't much time—and in a little while he was away beyond me. I have never caught up with him since, but I have always gone on studying, so that I wouldn't quite disgrace him when he became a distinguished man."

The woman in gray stopped to put a delicate and tremulous hand to her throat.

"When he was studying law," she went on presently, "his eyes were troubling him, and so I read aloud to him for many hours every day. Sometimes I almost wished his eyes would fail a little more—a great deal more—so that he could be more dependent on me, for I was very young and ignorant then, and, you see, I thought I loved him!"

The woman in white did not speak. She was sitting quite still, as though she were a marble woman.

"And even away back at the first," the woman in gray went on in that desolate self-communing, "when we were ignorant boy and girl together, we had quite settled it with ourselves that he was to be a distinguished man. We even made a little play of it, telling one another that people would one day point out with pride the poor little house where we had lived and where we had so much trouble paying the rent, and then we would laugh so merrily. Oh, where has the laughter all gone? And so we went on looking forward always to the day when he would be famous and working and planning for it, and I always pictured myself so proud—so proud of his triumphs! We cold blooded women feel very deeply sometimes and think long thoughts! And now he has won the honors we dreamed of, and to-morrow I am going on a long journey!"

She slowly rose, and the marble woman in white saw for the first time that she had little package in the thin hand.

"I have something to leave with you," said the woman in gray, "something to give you. See, it is a little bundle of letters. He wrote them during my mother's

illness. They are the letters of an undeveloped and ignorant boy to a poor little girl. I have cherished them a long time, but I give them to you now, because—because they have already gone out of my life."

An hour afterward the woman in white found that she had been alone for a long time and that the last of the poor little letters was open in her hand. A withered rose had dropped from it and lay in her lap among the folds of fluffy white. The air was filled with the fragrance of the little oldtime rose, which seemed to be part of the old time boyish love that was dead as the rose. Once, long ago, in her life also—

The radiant face of the woman in white was pale and old and weary looking as she tied the letters in the packet again and laid this pencilled line upon them:

"Do not go on the long journey, for I go on a journey of my own." Then she slipped the bracelet into its velvet case and sealed and addressed it and called a servant to go on two errands.

"I am going away to-night, John," she said as his foot hesitated on the stair. "Send Susan up to pack."

And then she stood in the middle of the room, her head dropped, pressing back something that tried to come to her eyes.

"And now for new fields," she said despairingly, "and the life in them."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Wyoming Valley.

Mr. James Byron is very busy working in Dooley & Weiss Shoe-factory, at Ashley, as there are more shoes made than in Davis Shoe-factory in Wilkes Barre, where he used to work up to last January.

Mrs. Robert Davis, formerly of Kingston, who spent several months near Honesdale, with parents and relatives, returned home to where her husband has moved, to North Wilkes Barre from Kingston, near where he works at the Prospect Colliery of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company.

Mr. John Barth was the guest of his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John McHugh, of Sugar Notch, last week. He said that they expect to move to Hanover Green, in April.

Contractor John A. Schmidt has placed an order for one hundred tons of egg coal.

Mr. William Reid, of Pittston, visited Mr. James Williams, of Wilkes Barre, last week. Your correspondent met him. He said he has got a good job at Pittston.

John Barth was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Byron, last week, and returned home in the evening.

John Barth visited Misses Evans one evening last week. He found they were busy in sewing and making many different fancy stitches for patchworks. They will send the work to their sister in Wales. Misses Evans are wonderful girls to make everything look so pretty in their home. They have a good position with Galland Bros. They attended school for the Deaf in Wales, and are bright and intelligent. They told Mr. Barth many stories about their school days, which interested him very much.

J. H. B.

Stranger Than Fiction

The London *Chronicle* relates the following, which goes to show that "truth is stranger than fiction":

A Polish Jewess who married a Polish Jew was subsequently divorced in accordance with the communal law. Coming to England she was then wooed and won by a "Cohen." Now, a "Cohen," as one of the tribe of Aaron, must not marry a divorced woman. On discovering the real facts this man not only ceased to live with her, but he refused to maintain her.

The magistrates, however, before whom he was brought, refused to recognize the communal law and several times sent him to prison for nonmaintenance. The man has now been advised to apply to the divorce court for a decree of nullity of marriage. Will the divorce court recognize the communal action? The case reproduces curiously a problem set by Mr. Zangwill in "Children of the Ghetto."

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"He's true to God who's true to man;

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

ONE of the main objections to boarding schools for the education of the deaf—and we are not sure but it is the only objection—is that such schools are deficient inasmuch as they lack "home influences."

Now, there is plenty of material in such a subject to make an elaborate essay, but both time and space require that we be narrowed to a few remarks such as would occur to any thinking person.

"Home influences," as we understand the term, mean noble and elevating influences.

It must be remembered that the "home influences" of the children while pupils in educational institutions are never eliminated. A monthly letter (oftener if the pupil desires) to the parents, is made compulsory by the Institution authorities. And also, the summer vacation, the regular "home going" at designated periods, and the usual other holidays and recesses, aggregate at least a third of the year spent with the family.

At first thought, it may seem cold-blooded and cruel to advocate the separation of deaf children from their parents and the placing of them in institutions, but it is really a kindness to both the children and the parents which eventually brings to all of them a satisfaction and a joy that otherwise would never be experienced; for what parents would not rejoice when their hitherto pitiable and helpless child is returned to them with a countenance shining with the light of intelligence; and what boy or girl does not find satisfaction in being helpful, intelligent and capable?

It has often been said that the ties of affection between parent and child are broken or weakened by being sent to institutions.

But that is a false statement. The ties of affection are never sundered, but are strengthened by Institution life. It is only truth to assert that real affection is not felt by any child until his intelligence has been developed. It is then, for the first time that he realizes the true meaning of parental love. What before was to him the selfish gratification of his childish instincts, becomes a sacred and dearly-prized source of happiness, which he always strives to merit and is ever ashamed to betray.

The influences of a well-conducted institution include everything of good that the home can give, with the advantage that the institution confers a very great deal more than the home is able to command.

At home, the uneducated child is either over-indulged or largely neglected. He cannot be treated as normal children, because he is not a normal child. Too much indulgence will make him selfish and stubborn; neglect will cause him to become morose and suspicious.

At the Institution all this is avoided. He is with others afflicted like himself. He is treated with kindness, and more carefully guarded than if he were at his own home. He is educated in mind and heart, in manners and morals; his physical being is trained and strengthened; his courage is developed, and his emulation of the more advanced among his schoolmates begets with-

in him a pride and ambition to excel. And at last, educated in brain and hand, he returns to his home an affectionate son, anxious to be all that his parents desire, and by his intelligence, capability and industry, to carve his own way through life and win the respect and friendship of his fellowmen.

The Land of Silence.

BY FRANCES PREY.

When the fever left Margaret Hanson so weak and feeble that it was an effort to turn her head on the pillow, her first sign of interest in the life coming back to her again was wonder at the intense stillness. The nurse moved as if shod with velvet, no one spoke aloud in the room, and the window that had creaked so annoyingly all through the first irritable stages of her sickness moved back and forth without a sound.

As she watched it she remembered that she had wanted some one to fasten it, but with the unreasonable ableness of the sick she had said to herself that if they did not care enough for her comfort to see that it worried her without being told, she would never tell them. Some one must have noticed it and padded it in some way, for here it was moving back and forth in the same old way, but without a sound.

"How very sick I have been!" she thought, as she glanced at her thin, white hands, which she felt no inclination to lift from the bed. "That must be the reason every one is so still, and no one speaks to me."

Then she slept and awakened, ate a little, slept again with the knowledge that life and strength were coming back to her, but still the dreadful quiet which shut her in puzzled and perplexed her. She seemed to be an actor in a pantomime that grew more and more oppressive.

"I must ask the doctor how long it is necessary for me to lie here with no one to talk to. I must ask him at his next visit. I am certainly better and stronger this bright spring morning."

She was lying with her face turned to the creaking window, which had been opened to let in the fresh air. The branches of an apple-tree full of pink, unopened buds, almost filled it. She thought of the chattering wrens that had a nest in the branches the year before, and hoped they would come back.

"They were such noisy company in the mornings, but what a relief their shrill songs would be now! They always treated me to a perfect carnival of song at daybreak, no matter how badly I wanted to sleep."

She raised herself in the bed with a look of horror. On the nearest branch she saw a bird, who with open mouth was evidently singing with a perfect abandon of ecstasy. And she could not hear him!

This, then, was the life she had come back to and been so grateful to have. The doctor who tried to comfort her told her that as her strength returned she might regain her hearing in some degree, but she turned away and refused to be comforted. The spring days lengthened and health returned, and with it strength to endure, but Margaret withdrew from all kindness and sympathy.

"Why should I pretend to enjoy seeing any one, or why should people with the best intentions endure trying to talk to me? It is so distressing for them to shout at me, and it cuts me to the heart when they laugh at my mistakes. It only makes me more miserable than I am. I must endure living, but I can make no pretense of enjoying it."

"But just think," wrote a friend, "how much worse it would have been for you if the fever had left you blind! You can at least look out over the earth and enjoy its beauties. You are not without friends, if you will let them love you. You have a good home, and do not have to go into the world to live. Think more of your blessings, Margaret, and do not dwell so persistently on what you have lost."

"It does not help me to know it is worse to be blind," she answered. "I pity all sufferers, but forever pressing on me is this horror by night and by day—that I am forever alone. Every thing that moves around me moves as in a nightmare. I never succeed in shaking off this feeling of unreality. Let me alone, that I may learn to bear this as best I may in solitude."

So one by one her friends withdrew. She seldom left her home, and invited no one to visit her. There were many who pitied her, but knew of no way to reach her, and as the years passed by they forgot her even as she wished to be forgotten.

It was another day in early spring five years later, when Margaret walked down the streets of the village, and noticed the swelling buds on the lilacs, the tender green of the newly springing grass and with a pang the pink buds on the apple-trees. These buds were so associated with her memory of the day when she first learned of her deafness, that she almost wished they would not bloom where she must see them.

The minister of the church which she had attended years before smiled at her from the door, and came out to write on her tablet.

"It is a late Easter, Margaret, but we have more blossoms for it. Will you not come in and see the lilies? We would be glad to have you at the services tomorrow."

"The Lord has afflicted me and turned His face from me," she answered, coldly. "I will not sing for gladness, 'Christ is risen.' One year is as another with me, except as it brings me nearer the time when I shall endure no longer."

"Poor child," sighed the minister, as she passed on, "so young and so bitter! I wish I knew how best to reach her."

Margaret passed on down the street. Near the end of it stood a house, small and shabby, and she remembered that just the day before there had been a poor little funeral from it.

"Some one who was needed and will be missed," she thought, "while I live on."

"Will you come in here, a little while?" It was the doctor who spoke.

She was glad to have him speak to her. He was one of the very few people she could hear without much effort. She turned in at the gate with him. He led her to a baby's crib in the corner of the one room.

As if, in proof of the doctor's assertion, the baby raised its voice in a loud wail.

"I can hear him indeed," said she, with a laugh. "I will take him a few days until you can do better for him."

"I might do better for him, but I do not know any way of doing better for her," thought the doctor. "I want you to take him and care of him. He has no one in the wide world." "How can I?" she protested. "I could not hear him if he cried or called. You cannot be in earnest." "His lungs are sound. I think you could hear him."

"I will watch and help her where she cannot hear," he thought, "but it is best for her to have the care of him. It's most like old times to hear her singing like that again."

"Are you tired of him?" asked the doctor, a few weeks later. "I have a chance to place him in a good home now."

"It would break my heart to give him up," she answered. "I do not think I loved at all before I had him."

"Well, I won't take him by force. The world is full of little ones needing help."

"And full grown-up people needing to give it," said Margaret, softly. "I wish I could tell how much the baby did for her. Almost before she realized it she was taking up her life where she had dropped it. Much as she loved the baby, she found that love alone would not do. Its little ailments were matters of vital importance, and must be discussed with some one who knew how to advise her."

The next morning she did not have time to think, as she always did, "One more day to get through as best I may!" The baby must be washed and fed, and by her own hands, for, with the sweet tyranny of babyhood, he would go to no one else. She even sang to him as he nestled against her to sleep, and Margaret's old housekeeper smiled to herself as she went about her work. One by one old friends who had long been shut out came back at her call. Margaret forgot her deafness, her sensitiveness and loneliness, as she hung over the baby's crib. She forgot her old fear that people might speak to her and annoy her as she wheeled the boy in the sunny street. For the baby's sake she went once more to the church, where the lilies breathed out their fragrance, and in time sang almost with the old joyfulness, "Christ is risen."

"The Lord had not forgotten me," she said, long afterwards. "My life can never be what it might have been, but He has given me strength to make the best of what is left. Though I dwell in the land of silence forever, it shall be a land of hopefulness and love."—*Youth's Companion.*

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, APRIL 7TH.

3:30 P.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.

7:30 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14TH.

3:30 P.M.—St. George's, Schenectady.

7:30 P.M.—St. John's, Johnston.

A meeting of the Troy Guild will be held on Thursday evening, April 11th, to receive the report of the entertainment committee. The subject of next summer's picnic will also be discussed, and all interested are invited.

English women are not supposed to read the daily newspapers. They take the weeklies, and that is why London has a great number of that class of a high order.

The great majority of artificial eyes are used by men, especially by those in iron foundries, where many eyes are put out by sparks. It is seldom that a woman has a glass eye.

NEW YORK.

How "Ted" Nailed an Impostor.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin—Brief Jottings.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Theodore Irving Lounsbury has a national reputation as proprietor of a successful job printing business. As a writer for the press his fame is both national and international, as all will admit when I state that he writes over the *non-de-crayon* of "Ted." The above is simply introductory; the story now begins.

One day last week his printing office was invaded by a questionable looking individual, who drew forth a pencil stub and began to write on the tablet which is kept handy for patrons of the Lounsbury printing plant. "Ted" has long ago learned that it is not safe to judge a man by his clothes, so he waited politely and pleasantly to see whether he was going to get a fifty dollar order or a request for a nickel.

Subsequently events proved that it was the latter, though the demand did not come at the outset. On getting the tablet, he was surprised to note that the stranger had written: "My name is Jim O'Leary. I am deaf and dumb. I am a printer in hard luck, and would like to get work so as to pay for supper and lodging." The language was grammatical, and "Ted" instantly reached the conclusion that he was dealing with an impostor. He asked O'Leary (by writing) where he had been educated, and the latter promptly replied, "At Fanwood."

"At Fanwood," Ted inquired where that place was, and got the reply that it was on 10th Avenue at 147th Street. Here was a blunder at the outset; so "Ted" resolved to lead the man on until he got hopelessly mixed, and then call for a policeman. He asked O'Leary if he could "talk the deaf and dumb language," and O'Leary obligingly began to make the double-hand alphabet. "Ted" then began spelling, clumsily and slowly, by the same method. He asked O'Leary many questions as to individuals well known to the deaf, and O'Leary proved that he knew them, sign-names and all.

"Ted" discovered that instead of "nailing" an impostor, he had been talking to a bona fide deaf and dumb man. Seeing that his endeavors to be a public benefactor were thwarted, "Ted" then told the man by signs that he also was deaf and dumb. The victim of "Ted's" jolly then got mad, and said all sorts of unpleasant things in the sign language until his aggrieved indignation was relieved, and then calmed down and asked for the loan of a nickel, which he got, and at once departed.

The play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now running at the Academy of Music, is one which every deaf-mute would enjoy. The realism in spectacular effects is the best that has ever been shown in the production of this well-known drama, and as the actors and actresses are all stage celebrities, the story is told with affecting pathos, here and there interspersed with humor. The eye of the deaf is very critical when witnessing a theatrical play, as the interpretation of the plot to them must be through gesture and action. In the present play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the most hypercritical can discover no flaw. It is of living, thrilling interest to the "dwellers in silence," which is a rare thing in the drama nowadays, where so much more attention is given to elocutionary triumphs.

Stephen Blakeman's sixtieth birthday was celebrated with a "surprise party;" at his home on Staten Island, on Monday evening, March 25th. Quite an enjoyable time was had by all who attended. Many nice presents were made to Mr. Blakeman, among which was a large cluster of beautiful and fragrant flowers. Refreshments were served late in the night, and the merriment continued until the " wee sma' hours " of morning. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Conkling, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Miss Susie Wilson, Mr. George Wilson, Miss Mamie Ward, Misses Mamie and Maggie Dunne, Mrs. L. Brewer, of Mt. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. Dunne and children.

Mr. Edward P. Clarke gave his lecture on Utah, Monday evening, March 25th, in the free lecture course of the Board of Education at the public school on St. Ann's Avenue and 148th St., in the Bronx district. The night was stormy, but assembly hall was crowded with auditors who gave the lecturer their undivided attention. The talk was illustrated with stereopticon slides, and at the close of the lecture four young men came forward, and after expressing their pleasure and appreciation, introduced themselves as Mormon elders who are laboring in that section of the city. They promised to send over a delegation of elders from the headquarters of the Mormon Mission in Brooklyn, at the time of Mr. Clarke's next lecture, April 8th, at Public School 15, which is at 728 Fifth Street.

George Irving Lounsbury, the nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Lounsbury, distinguished himself by making the trip to Mt. Vernon, N. Y., alone on the steam cars, on a visit to his uncle. The anxious parents waited in vain for a telephone message announcing his safe arrival. George sent a postal card instead, thereby saving nine cents in cash, while his parents wasted their vital energy in worry and sleeplessness throughout a long, long night.

The Brinck Mansion, in which Mr. I. N. Soper has resided for nearly twenty years, has been sold for the apportionment of the estate among the heirs of the late Mr. Brinck. Mr. Soper is a son-in-law and will probably realize something when the estate is divided.

Isaac Brockman has so far recovered health and strength that he will be at work again next week.

During the past week or two, Henry J. Haight has been in Philadelphia and Trenton, N. J. This week he expects to be in Atlantic City.

Edgar Bloom is in the city. He travelled to California selling diamond envelopes of his own manufacture. He will go over the same route again next spring.

Boys in natty cadet uniform are often seen on the city avenues nowadays. They are Fanwood cadets on their Easter vacation.

Alfred Emmens is working as a crayon artist in a manufactory in Long Island City.

Mrs. Theodore I. Lounsbury has an akoulalion, and can hear music with it.

FANWOOD.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

A notice was posted last Wednesday, March 28th, in a conspicuous place in the boys' wing. It read as follows:—

"TO ALL WHOM THESE PRESENTS CONCERN,

Greetings:—We, the undismayed and invincible Has Beens, by our last victory the undisputed champion baseball team of the town of Fanwood, in the Borough of Manhattan in the city of New York, do hereby defy, challenge, and invite Captain Dyer's team to a game of baseball, to be played, Saturday afternoon, March 30th, on the school grounds. For glory and stiff joints.

"THE UNDISMAYED AND INVINCIBLE HAS BEENS."

Probably the "Has Beens" thought they had a cinch when they issued the above challenge, as they defeated the Fanwood Reserves last year by a score of 14 to 7.

The challenge was duly accepted by captain Dyer, and the game came off Saturday last. It was not an easy one, but close and exciting throughout. At one time it seemed as if the Fanwoods would win, but the Has Beens finally won by the score of 10 to 8.

The first reading of one of Shakespeare's plays before the Fanwood Literary Association, since it began its new year, was given by Mr. Jones last Saturday night. As usual, Mr. Jones was King Lear, his daughters, their husbands, the hero and villain, stage-manager and curtain raiser, and all the other actors in the play. He held the strictest attention of all those present from the beginning until the end. Unfortunately it was bed time before he had finished, so the pupils had to wait till the next day. The reading of "Alice of Vincennes," which he is giving, was temporarily discontinued, and in its stead he continued the reading of "King Lear," until it was finished, and was greeted with hearty applause for his fine reading, in which all were so very much interested.

The New York World, of Sunday, March 31st, gave a full page to the description of Mr. Hutchinson's Akoulalion and its wonders. There were several photographs of the boys of this school testing the apparatus, and also some remarks by Principal Currier and Major Van Tassel. Orris Benson was conspicuous in all the photographs.

Our assistant in the carpenter shop, Mr. W. Linder, received a medal last week for excellence in playing indoor baseball.

Mr. Van Tassel, with his company of the 22d Regiment took part of the Military Tournament at Madison Square Garden, Saturday night. They were reviewed by General Sheridan.

Cadet J. Heil was a witness of a collision between a wagon and electric car on Tenth Avenue, last Saturday. The wagon was demolished but no one was hurt.

Cadets Elsworth and King got a slight idea of life in the mines last week. They went into the Rapid Transit tunnel and watched the work awhile. Then they went to other places of interest connected with the work on the tunnel.

Messrs. McVea and Muench were visitors here Saturday.

Steamboat traffic on the Hudson has begun. The large steamboats that pass the school every day are beautiful and inspiring sights to many of the pupils.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim was a caller here Thursday afternoon last. Cadet Adolph Buhl has been made manager of the Young Bradhurst baseball team of Public School No. 5, on 141st Street. There will be a game between the third team of Fanwood and the Bradhursts, on April 20th, at Fanwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall (nee Caparn) were visitors here Sunday. Mrs. Hall formerly was a teacher at Fanwood.

Bicycling is now being taken up at Fanwood. There are a few who have wheels at school, just now, but more will come after Easter. Miss A. E. Judge, is one who has a wheel at school now, and it is a fine model of strength, which is necessary for the rider. Although of an ancient type, it is still a beauty, but looks aged when compared with its rider. There was only one bicycle record broken last year. It was done by Samuel Friedman, who brought six wheels and one tandem to school, but at end of each week was compelled to take them home to be repaired. Osmond Loew may be seen around the school on his Dayton, always ready to give pointers on the Morrow coaster-brake. The latest addition to the ranks of the Fanwood wheel cranks is Fred King, who brought over his wheel last Saturday.

Dump cars are now running up and down 165th Street, carrying loads from the tunnel to the dumping grounds which are near the school. These cars give much pleasure to the small boys, who may be seen almost every day watching them. They are somewhat dangerous. Yesterday the cars nearly ran over the mule that was pulling them down hill. At another time one of the cars jumped the rails, and let out its whole load while half way down. An inexperienced man applied the brakes to a car, and it came to a sudden standstill, sending the man flying through the air and nearly killing him.

While on his way home one night last week, Cadet E. Elsworth thought he saw a phantom automobile coming toward him. Needless to say he was thoroughly frightened, and perspiration began to gather on his forehead. When it got nearer it turned out to be Mr. Vanderbilt's "White Ghost," which is frequently seen on the roads around the school.

Monday last was All Fool's Day, and the Fanwood fools were out in force, making fools of themselves in their attempts at fooling others.

The pupils will go home on Thursday, April 4th, to spend the Easter holidays, returning on Monday, April 8th.

The Fanwood baseball team will cross bats with the University of New York, on Ohio Field, next Wednesday.

The gymnasium hours of the boys on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, have been changed. They formerly staid in the gymnasium all morning and afternoon, but now it is from 9 to 10 30, and from 1 to 2 30.

Miss Burchard was called to Oxford by the death of an old friend on Friday last. She returned early on Monday morning.

Drill will be resumed out of doors upon the return to school of the cadets.

W. R.

April 1, 1901.

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

The Bazaar which was held in Wilkinsburg, March 22d and 23d, may be put down as one of those big successes which makes their promoters feel a reasonable pride in work well done. The bazaar which was projected by the Ways and Means Committee of the Pittsburgh Local Branch of the P. S. A. D., was an affair of rather large proportions. The general committee in charge consisted of more than sixty persons, and of this committee Mr. A. U. Downing was chairman; Mr. F. A. Leitner, secretary; and Miss Frances Barker, treasurer. Mr. Downing had his sleeves rolled up most of the time, for the past two months, for there was something to attend to constantly. There were twelve sub-committees, representing as many booths. Each and every committee did its part in making the Bazaar the success that it was.

Full reports of the various committees have not been announced, so at this writing only approximates can be given. It is estimated by competent judges that the net proceeds will amount to between \$600 and \$700, which is probably below the actual sum realized for the Home Fund. This is certainly very gratifying.

There was considerable rivalry among the various committees, each striving to lead in the amounts netted for the fund.

It appears that the ice-cream committee, with Mr. F. A. Leitner as chairman, will lead the procession with about \$125 to their credit. The candy committee, Mrs. Henry

Bardes, chairman, next with just about \$100 net. The Fancy Work committee, Mrs. A. U. Downing, chairman, made a profit of over \$60. The Common Sense committee, with Miss Jennie Cobb, chairman, had about every thing for practical use on their counters and disposed of most of their goods, but we have not heard what profit. With Mr. J. M. Rolshouse in charge was the most fascinating corner with the younger visitors, and there seemed to be no end to small and big "fry" from that pond, as objects both useful and ridiculous were being yanked out constantly during both evenings.

Then there was the Pop Corn booth with Mr. F. W. Farke managing; the Flower committee, Mrs. Geo. Annis, chairman; the Cake Stand, with Mrs. Wm. Friend in charge, all of which did excellent service and disposed of all their supplies at good figures.

The gipsy, impersonated by Miss Clara Bell, was kept busy, screened by a star spangled red tent each night. 'T was surprising to note how many, young and old, desired everybody heard just what they wanted, which goes far to show how very tactful the "gipsy" was. She turned a "pretty penny" into the fund.

The Post-Office under the efficient management of Miss Candace Yendes, did a hustling business from beginning to end. It was the one department that required special fitness to keep up the flow of epistolary love, and that it was not lacking in any feature, it is sufficient to state that the office netted \$15 and distributed some very cute missives indeed. It created much interest.

We must not forget the entertainment committee, of which Mr. C. S. Sawhill was chairman, with the following assistants: Mr. H. Bardes, Mr. H. H. B. McMaster, Mr. Jno. Escherich and Jas. Friend. This committee kept the people in good humor, and did much toward making the bazaar a very enjoyable affair for our hearing friends.

The refreshment committee, Miss Jennie A. Shrom, Chairman, united with the ice-cream committee. These two committees presented a united front to the hungry horde constantly during both evenings, and were the hardest worked lot during the time the doors were open.

There were 865 tickets taken at the door, which will indicate the size of the attendance. A great many tickets were sold, the holders of which did not appear. The check room committee had their hands full, judging by the stacks of hats and wraps they piled up, but everything was done right, and there was no confusion. It was, indeed, a very harmonious affair all round, when we take into consideration the magnitude of the business attended to. This was all very creditable to the management of the chairman of the general committee.

It must not be omitted to state that considerable assistance was rendered by good friends of the Home at a distance, who sent numerous fancy articles. Among these we may mention Alice Winch, at Auburn, N. Y., Miss Theresa Schoenenberger, Ashland, Mrs. M. Ziegler, Philadelphia, and Miss Mame Rath and her mother, of New Brighton.

The girls of the Institution rendered material aid also with their deft fingers, working fancy articles. The entire corps of teachers at the school, and other hearing friends, rendered willing service on the various committees. There are no better friends of the Home project than these.

The Pittsburgh Local Branch of the P. S. A. D. held its annual election of officers, on March 14th. The officers chosen for the next year were: G. M. Tegarden, Chairman, Mr. F. A. Leitner, Secretary; and Mr. Reinhart Fritzsche, Treasurer. The chairman has not yet announced the composition of the new Ways and Means Committee, as the old board will receive the report of the Bazar and other entertainments through its Entertainment Committee before the new board takes hold.

The old board will have made a magnificent showing, when the proceeds of the bazar is added to its other collections. It is estimated that the branch will have, altogether, about \$900 to its credit. We shall have more to say on this point, when the definite report is received.

Work on the excavation for the new buildings has been going on for some time past, and definite shapes are beginning to appear. With the bringing in of building material, the premises present a very animated appearance during week days.

Principal Burt has been in Harrisburg, the past two days, presumably looking after our appropriations, which we hope to get without much paring.

Mr. F. R. Gray has been giving the pupils lectures on Astronomy. Some time ago he "dressed up" fair Luna, and yesterday evening he put a polish on the face of "Old Sol," much to the enlightenment of the audience.

PHILADELPHIA.

Elections of the Clerc Literary Association.

ITEMS GRAVE AND GAY.

The Easter Programme.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

E. D. Wilson obtained a position in the big clothing house of Kirshbaum & Co., on Market Street near 8th.

Mrs. Wm Shepherd was able to leave the hospital last week.

John Wanamaker recently gave a banquet to his employees and those who work for him outside. John Q. Hahn was the only deaf-mute who was entitled to attend it and he says he enjoyed it greatly.

Perhaps our readers will feel relieved, for we have no case of imposture to report this week. In the April issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, however, there is a case cited by the Rev. David M. Steele. It is not a new story though, and it did not happen in this city, so it has no right to appear in this column.

A great deal of interest was exhibited in the annual election of officers of the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday evening, 28th of March. Rev. J. M. Koehler presided, as *ex officio* Chairman. Seventy members responded to roll call, but more came in later, and there were quite a number of visitors besides.

The appointment of a Trustee is always first on the programme, but the Chairman was unable to announce one this time, having just arrived back from a short itinerant mission tour, and received a declaration from the present incumbent, J. S. Reider, to serve longer. He will announce a successor later.

There were four candidates for the presidency nominated, all gentlemen, no lady caring for the honor. The four candidates were William F. Durian, Richard J. King, Harry Stevens and Daniel Paul, Jr.

The first ballot was fruitless, but the second awarded the first named candidate the coveted plum.

The candidates for First Vice-President were Daniel Paul, Jr., Harry Smith, Thomas Breen and Chas. S. Yoder, and the successful man was Mr. Breen on the first ballot.

Thomas E. Jones, Edward D. Wilson and John M. Wisner ran for Second Vice-President, and the prize fell to Mr. Wisner on the second ballot.

Secretary Lipsett succeeded himself, after a short contest with H. E. Stevens.

The Treasurership was courted for by Wm. McKinney, Ira Poorman and R. E. Underwood, and Mr. McKinney won it easily.

Mrs. Margaret J. Syle was elected Librarian by acclamation.

The last office, but by no means the least, Sergeant-at-Arms, was unanimously voted to a six-footer, Townley Mondeau.

Under the rules, the installation of the newly-elected officers should be held a week later, but, on motion, the rules were suspended and the installation ordered immediately. The C. L. A. is, therefore, under a new regime already.

The ever obliging Harry Smith sent us the following prepared notes:

Alfred Hyde, a deaf-mute from Bowdon, Cheshire, England, was a visitor at All Souls' Church, on Sunday. He came to America recently to visit his nephew. He will return to "Old England" in about two weeks.

Mr. Charles Bradbury and Oliver Krause, of Allentown, were also among our visitors here last Sunday.

Mrs. Lillian A. De Long of Fredericksburg, informs us that it was her mother, and a few weeks ago, who died a few weeks ago, and was reported in this column. We are very sorry to have made such a mistake and hope it will not occur again.

Miss Anna B. Shedd is also located in Fredericksburg, where she assists Mrs. De Long at dress-making. Mrs. De Long has made a reputation as a dressmaker, and she generally has her hands full.

Mrs. Mary A. Buxton died at the home of her mother, Mrs. Annie Van Cortlandt. Mrs. Buxton was a sufferer for a long time. Before her demise her last request was to have a last look at her son and daughter, and upon seeing them quietly passed to the higher realms. She died on Monday, and was buried on Thursday, at Palmer Cemetery, this city. Mrs. Washington Houston attended the funeral.

John M. Wisner expects to remove from West Philadelphia to the Northern part of the city during the early part of the year.

Mrs. Anna J. Chapman has returned to the city from a visit to points in Delaware and in Washington, D. C., which she enjoyed greatly.

Miss E. M. Ritchie, of Gallaudet

College, will spend her Easter vacation in Philadelphia as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens.

On April 11th, President Durian will deliver an address and announce appointments.

Mrs. William Shepherd is reported to have left the hospital, and returned to her home.

The infant of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brutsche will be baptized at All Souls' Church on Easter Sunday.

Mrs. Hannah Reidy mourns the death of an uncle up the State, whose funeral she was unable to attend.

After Easter, Mr. Michael Ryan Spiritual Director of the Roman Catholic Mission on Pine Street, will take a much needed rest for a couple of weeks. He expects to resume his duties on Sunday, April 21st. He will seek recuperation at his home in Scranton.

The usual large attendance at the Easter service at All Souls' Church for the Deaf is anticipated. The service will begin with baptism at 2 o'clock, which will be followed by a celebration of Easter Communion.

Theodore Natter, one of our Philadelphia admirers, looks somewhat like Admiral Schley, and on that account he has been given the cognomen of "Admiral." Mr. Natter is a steady reader of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and he thinks it is the best paper for the deaf in America.

A heavy cold forced the Philadelphia correspondent to keep behind doors immediately after writing the previous letter, and he just got out in time for this one.

What can be told in signs.

The classic age of signs is in the past, and the art is rapidly being lost. Here and there can be found a proficient, but he is white-haired, and stands upon the verge of retirement, and the younger members of the profession look upon his performances charmed, amused, disgusted. Teachers who have entered the work within the past fifteen years have scarcely seen real sign-making. They have had no opportunity, perhaps no occasion, to acquire skill in the art. In the use of the more recent and superior methods, signs serve no good purpose, and hence no one feels the call to give them consideration.

But the fact that in the improvement of machinery certain tools have been laid aside, does not prove that in their day those were not helpful.

I have noticed recently calculations as to the number of words that could be signed, the extent of the sign-maker's repertoire, and what could or could not be expressed by signs. The fact is, that real sign-making has nothing to do with words. The sign-maker himself does not think of words any more the painter does. He is limited only by his ideas. The ideas he expresses may also be expressed in words, and he will probably have as much difficulty in doing that as any one else. Any consideration of words hampers him. He deals with ideas. An ordinary workman can make what he has the patterns and tools for in his shop. The genius can make whatever he can conceive.

Signs are the setting forth of ideas, and here is the substantial objection to the use of signs in the instruction of the deaf. No one can help admiring the grace and elegance of well-made signs, nor feeling the force of them. But when he finds that they do not aid but rather hinder his pupils in acquiring the use of words, that they are graceful, expressive and all that goes for nothing,—he is forced to disuse them. But that does not bear against the adequacy of signs to express ideas. That you cannot write a letter with an artist's brush is nothing against the brush; only, if you mean to write a letter, I should not advise you to take it, but leave it till you want to paint a picture, and you will find nothing quite so fit.

Signs properly made are as expressive as actions, and have as much more force with a child as the sight of an action has over the verbal description of it. No one who ever saw either of the Peets—especially the elder, or the Gallaudets, or Clerc, or Gamage, or any one of the "old set" of teachers of the deaf in this country, can question the possibility of expressing adequately and forcibly by signs any fact in science or religion, or any idea the mind is capable of conceiving. I have often noticed in cases of interpretation of discourses the expression improved or reinforced in the translation, the observer getting a clearer idea of the matter than the listener.—*D in Silent Hoosier.*

The output of watches in Switzerland, last year, was the largest ever recorded. According to statistics just published, the total exports amounted to 2,366,426 nickel watches, valued at \$4,064,080; 3,086,777 silver watches, valued at \$7,576,200; 800,258 gold watches, valued at \$8,144,600, and 6,769 chronographs and repeaters, valued at \$260,800.

Fifty-eight thousand dollars' worth of Hawaiian stamps were burned by the postal department at Washington.

OHIO.

What it is to be "Held Up."

A SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

How to Judge a Ball Player--Other Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greene, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The reporter now knows what it is to be held up, he having gone through such an experiment last Saturday. It only lasted a few seconds, and the result was that the other fellow was frightened more than his intended victim, and hence his purpose was not accomplished. It was about ten o'clock in the evening, and we were leisurely walking east on Franklin Avenue. When nearing our residence, we crossed over from the middle of the street and the pavement. Reaching the steps to the lawn, we had just ascended them. Some one pulled our arm just then, but thinking it to be our son, and expecting him alongside next, little attention was paid the matter. Turning to the right, instead of the son, a stranger confronted us, and in trying to make out who it was, a large-sized revolver, pointed at us, told too plainly what he wanted. Remembering recent "hold ups" in the vicinity, and that now our turn had come, and having no desire to hand over any valuables, "murder" in the loudest tone possible, rent the still air. Quick as a wink, the fellow turned right about face, and made for the nearest side street as fast as his legs could carry him, where he was covered by darkness. All this took place in less time than it has taken to tell it. The fellow must have been hiding opposite our house behind a tree, expecting us to pass that way, when he, undoubtedly would have confronted us. Our crossing over the street, disconcerted his plans. We are positive no one followed us home, as on turning towards the sidewalk, a look backward was made to see if the coast was clear. A member of the household was in the middle room reading, and heard some one talking, as we were in front of the house. Very likely, the demand was held up your hands, but the command, for good reasons, was not needed. Across the street almost opposite the house, a party of young people was in progress, and at the yell of murder and police some of them came out on the portico, but the fellow had made good his escape by that time. There were two other hold ups later in the night in different parts of the town, and the victims each gave about the same description of the fellow that held him up.

We were up at the Home Saturday. The new barn is going up, and is going to be a strong, heavy structure, and ought to last a century. It is ready to receive the sidings and roofing. Mr. Charles Osburn, the builder, and who by the way is a mute, is making a creditable job of it, and the committee was fortunate in securing his services. He fully understands his trade.

About five acres in wheat were sown last Fall, and at present the crop promises a good yield. The inmates are with one exception enjoying good health.

Mrs. A. H. Schory was also up to the Home Saturday, bringing with her some remedies to relieve the sufferings of John White. Sunday, Misses Biggam and Defrees were up on a visit.

Saturday evening a birthday party came off at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bard. It was given in honor of Miss Maggie E. Owen, and gotten up by several of her close friends. She had been taken over on some pretext and at the appointed time she was led into the parlor, which to her surprise was filled with unexpected guests. A fine supper followed, after which a number of games were indulged in, and all enjoyed the occasion very much. Among the funny things of the evening was a "mock" wedding, in which both of the interested parties were of the male persuasion, one of them dressed on in the fashion of an up-to-date lady, who was Rufus Jeffries—no relation to the rustic one. Warren Albert was the groom, and James Thompson the parson, who tied the knot to a nicety. The spectators there to were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bard, Misses Owen Raub, Beer, Arnold, Martin Foster, Harrison, Mrs. Wait and Messrs. Clum, Connolly, Clum and Beckert. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* of Sunday had the following in its baseball column:

How to Judge Players.

Too many managers and fans size a ball player up entirely by his batting average. That is a mistake, and the manager who looks only to batting averages will not succeed. Base running, habits, brains, throwing, winning spirit, energy and a

number of things should be taken into consideration. Who has taken Hoy's place on the Cincinnati team as a sacrifice hitter? Where is a better man to top off a batting list? There are players who will make more hits, but Hoy will get to his base just as often as any of them, and when he does he will come pretty near scoring. Hogreiver is much the same style of player. He thinks of nothing save baseball. He is a great outfielder, knows where to throw the ball when he gets it, is a daring base runner, and, best of all, a winner. The Reds need him. CHARLES IRWIN.

The Ladies' Aid Society held a special meeting, Thursday afternoon, and decided to upon the purchase of a number of articles needed in the kitchen of the Home. The outlay will be considerable. It was decided to combine the two yearly entertainments into one and have the two committees work in concert, so as to assure greater success.

Mr. Frank Smielau is in town for a few days, and will hold a service in Trinity Home, to-morrow afternoon. From here he will go to Philadelphia, where he will take the canonical examinations.

Mrs. Ella Perego, now a resident of Braddock, Pa., is soon to return to the Buckeye State, making her home in Toledo, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sawhill, of Taylorstown, went over to Braddock, Saturday, and were the guests of the former's brother. Incidentally they attended the bazar given at Wilkensburg, that evening, by the deaf there for the benefit of the Penna. Home for Aged Deaf. By the way, there was a long list of Ohioans at the bazar, who now reside in Pennsylvania. Our information is that the bazar was a big success, and we extend congratulations. A. B. G. March 30, '01.

ST. LOUIS ITEMS.

There is talk of a pool tournament here among those fond of the game. The championship of the "community" and a cast iron medal are to go to the victor in the contest.

That genial soul, W. H. Schnaub, presents quite a professional appearance these days. He has found it necessary to use glasses and as he has a good deal of pride in his personal appearance, nothing would suit him except a pair of pince-nez. Glasses often detract one's charms, but as W. H.'s are very becoming, (his glasses, not his charms) his appearance is up to his usual standard. They say he hurt his eyesight through trying to see too much.

Miss Sallie Steele has returned to her former position at the Mission School for the Deaf at Fulton. We had an idea she intended to remain here in St. Louis permanently, but some magnetic influence down there has proved too much for her. We wonder what the "influence" was.

Our artistic friend, M. H. Kerr, must be a trifle absent-minded. Some time ago he happened to be down town doing nothing, so he went into a barber shop to get a shave and help kill some of his leisure. The tonsorial artist having fixed him up to his (the barber's) liking, Mr. Kerr put on his hat and coat and sauntered down to the Planter's to indulge his taste for the beautiful. It was not long before he noticed questioning glances being directed his way. Suspecting nothing, he took them as a matter of course, and in turn, tried to assume the official "glance." By and by it occurred to him that it was near supper-time, so he started to button up his coat, and found he had been "doing" one of the swell hotels in St. Louis without collar and tie. Mr. Kerr said if ever he felt like thirty cents, it was then.

The Rev. Mr. Cloud's new house is nearing completion. He takes a run down that way nearly every day after school hours and helps push things along. He expects to be able to move his family into it some time next month. It is a two-story brick affair, and will make a handsome residence when finished.

On March 17, St. Louis observed St. Patrick's Day in the usual way. There was a seemingly endless parade in the afternoon, which was enjoyed by those along the line of march. Those who had their eyes open saw W. A. Gill, known among his friends as "General Gill," taking things easy in a carriage, together with one of his brothers. W. A. does things up in style.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kerr are putting in all of their spare time in a wearying search for a house. They consider their present flat too inconvenient, both from a time and distance standpoint, and are trying to get closer in.

An uncle of Mr. E. M. Nowell's has been down here in St. Louis for the past couple of weeks. He came down here in charge of some cattle, which he readily disposed of. He wanted Mr. Nowell to go back with him and pay his folks, whom he has not seen for a long time, a visit, but he could not obtain a week's absence from his place of business, because no one else can do the work he does.

Mr. E. Hammer has had plans drawn for a fine eight-room house, upon which work will be rushed. ARAMIS.

A syndicate recently purchased all the remaining federal grant lands of the Northern Pacific Railway Co., lying between the Missouri and St. James rivers in North Dakota, 1,500,000 acres.

CHICAGO.

A Literary Night at the Club.

A REAL ESTATE TALK SOON.

Happenings and Incidents.

The Literary Circle held its regular meeting at the rooms of Pas-a-Pas Club Saturday evening last, and listened to a talk on "The Negro in Slavery and the same in Freedom," by Mr. Ashton Bisland. He has been studying the sign language, and did his best to make the audience understand his topic. Being a native of Louisiana, and having lived there a good part of his life, there are a very people in the North who know as much about the negro. Mr. Bisland said he would like to follow the negro question up at another time.

Miss Acheson declaimed "Lady Clare," very grandly. A dialogue, between Miss Treider and Mr. Barrows, was omitted, owing to the absence of the latter. "Chicago" asked the lady what the subject was, and she said it was to be "could not stand it." Well, Mr. Barrows could not stand it, and staid away.

Mr. James E. Gallaher, president of the Literary Circle, has engaged Mr. Edwin S. Bowes, the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes, to give a "Talk on Real Estate and other Investments," before the members on the 27th of April. Mr. Bowes is at the head of the Bowes Investment Company, and has been in business fourteen years, and is an unusually successful business man. His "Talk," therefore, will prove of great practical benefit to those who see him deliver it. Mr. Gallaher will send a list of queries to him a few days before the lecture, so that he may know what is desired. Among the queries will be the following:

1. In buying a home what part of the transaction should receive the chief consideration?
2. Is it good policy to buy a home on the monthly payment plan? Suppose a home worth \$100 cash down and the balance in monthly payments of \$15, could you advise the purchase on the conditions?
3. Is there much difference in price in buying a house and in having one built to order? What advantages, if any, are there?
4. In order to carry as light a mortgage as possible and to guard against possible loss, what per cent of the purchase price of a home should be paid in cash?
5. Is it advisable to buy vacant lots as an investment?
6. Which would yield the larger income, a two-story flat building or a two-story house, both having been bought for about the same price?
7. What is the average per cent of net income on investments in:
 - (a) Chicago down town office buildings,
 - (b) downtown stores,
 - (c) residences in first class localities,
 - (d) residences in ordinary localities,
 - (e) flat buildings.
8. Why do many of our rich men invest little in real estate and much in personal property? Is it not because stocks, bonds, and mortgages pay better?
9. If a man has \$2000, to invest, would it not be better for him to invest it in municipal bonds, county or railroad bonds, or in real estate?
10. What truth is there in the assertion that, generally speaking, it is cheaper to rent a home in Chicago than to own one?
11. Give your views on Loan and Building Associations.
12. What advice would you give as to loaning money on real estate?

Mrs. Hoy is again in Chicago society, with a bright and shining face, for the summer. She paid her respects to the Pas-a-Pas Club, by her presence at its literary circle with Mrs. Kingon, last Saturday. Mr. Hoy left Chicago last Saturday noon, with Comiskey's team, for Excelsior Springs, for spring training for three weeks. The white stockings will play the first game here on the 25th of April.

Miss Price, of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Miss Bessie Wayman last week, while on the way to Minnesota, to visit the Howard family.

Mrs. C. C. Colby is one of the prize winners in money of the "Who? When? What?" competition No. 1, of the Chicago *Times-Herald*. And now the Chicago *Record-Herald*, according to the announcement just made by the judges in the Sunday issue of March 24th, the department received a letter from a correspondent recently, and the editor's answer is:

"Mrs. D. J. City.—Your information that one of the prize winners is a deaf-mute woman, mother of two bright girls, who can hear and talk must indeed be pleasing information to all who have followed the competition."

Sample copies of the *Recorder* were received at the club rooms last week. It is filled with readable items. "Chicago" wishes its editor good luck.

A box of lovely flowers was sent to Dr. Gillett by Chicago friends, as a birthday remembrance, on the 25th of March. Mrs. Hasenstab received a letter from Mr. Charles F. Gillett, acknowledging the present, and his father joined him in kind wishes to all friends. Dr. Gillett is in feeble health.

Mrs. Radfington is born again—getting younger. It seems she is

very lonesome alone in her big house, and is visiting friends with-in the circuit.

The Pas-a-Pas Club had a special meeting Wednesday evening, March 27th, and a large gathering of members answered to the call of the president. The object was to discuss the moving of the headquarters to a better place on Dearborn Street, No. 40, opposite the Tremont Hotel. The new headquarters will be open on the first of May. The credit is due Mr. Benjamin Frank for securing the new rooms.

Mr. Colby had all his trees at the old place moved to his new home last week.

A rumor came from Coldwater, Mich., that a surprise was given to Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Dobson, for celebrating their tin wedding last week. Wonders will never cease. Another real surprise arose. Miss Nellie Lamb, who was in Chicago for some years before residing in Coldwater, during that evening, wore a dress not in the least suspicious of the coming event, but quietly slipped away and made the change. Soon she returned in white bridal dress, upon the arm of her best companion, Mr. James Bradley. A minister was ready to make the two beating hearts one. Mr. Bradley is a valued employee of the Tappan Shoe Company. The Chicago people wish Mr. and Mrs. Bradley much happiness and joy on earth.

Messrs. Hart, Frank, and Regensburg, were at the entertainment of the Oral schools in Englewood last Thursday evening, after which an informal dance was given and kept up till midnight.

The much-talked-of college alumni banquet promises to be of great interest, at the Chinese restaurant, Saturday evening, April 13th. Mr. Dougherty called at the law office of Mr. Parkinson the other day, and invited him to give a toast at the banquet. Mr. Parkinson told him that he would have to practice it before a large mirror, as his arm-limbs are rather "rusty" and stiff. The deaf society has not seen much of him for many years.

Mr. F. Gibson is on the sick list.

J. P. Johnson, an electrician, residing at 124 Clark Street, is at a hospital suffering from a fractured skull, which he received at the hands of an Italian barber, who conducts a shop at 100 Van Buren Street. The barber was looked up to await the outcome of Johnson's injuries. Mr. Johnson's condition was somewhat improved at this writing, and hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Mr. Fredo Hyman's father died on the 28th of March, at the age of 81 years, and the funeral services were held at his residence last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Bowes says I was mistaken in my letter as to the oldest deaf teacher in the United States. She says that the laurel and honor should go to Miss Mary Mann, of Hartford. Miss Mann began teaching in 1854, and still holds the fort.

A successful entertainment was held in Englewood last evening, for the benefit of the Chicago oral schools, under auspices of the Parents' association of the Yale school. A sum estimated at nearly \$400 was realized, to be used in promoting oral instruction, and toward defraying the expenses of pupils from a distance.

Easter greetings to all. CHICAGO.

Never Noticed It.

A traveler in Corsica says that, although Porto Vecchio is so filthy that one would like to dip it in the Mediterranean for a thorough wash, it is wonderfully lovely at a distance. Its white granite houses with red tiled roofs and fragments of old walls, with the blue sky above and the green knoll beneath and about, make up as alluring a southern picture as ever haunted a northerner's memory. But do the southerners themselves appreciate it? If one may judge by comparison, apparently not. Says a writer in *Travel*: They do not seem as deeply intelligent folk on this east coast. I stopped in a very hot part of the road to ask a man the name of a certain noble mountain peak island, with veins of snow upon it.

"I do not know," said he heavily. "Ah then you do not live here?" "Yes; I am of these parts."

"But you were not brought up here?"

"Yes; I was born here."

"And you do not know the name of that very high mountain?"

"I know nothing about it."

He spoke conclusively. The most conspicuous object in his daily landscape had, in his eyes, no significance whatever.

The total value of the world's output of toys has grown to tremendous proportions. Accurate figures are not attainable, but experts estimate that the American people buy between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 worth. Of that sum about one-third goes to foreign manufacturers. To offset this importation the domestic manufacturers of toys have begun to invade European markets.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON D. C., April 1, '01.—The week just closed has been uneventful except in base ball circles. Three games have been played, two of which were won the other lost.

The first game was with the Business High School and took place on Wednesday. In the end it proved rather one sided, though at first the High School boys led. Painter pitched for Gallaudet and did well. A feature of the game was two catches of difficult flies by Rosson in centre field, after long runs. We will only give the score by innings:

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
GALLAUDET.	1	1	0	0	4	x	6
B. H. S.	1	1	0	1	0	0	3

The second game was with the Western High School and was played on Thursday. Only five innings were played because of high and cold winds. Painter again pitched up to the fourth inning when Rosson went in. The victory for Gallaudet was again easy, the Western boys only getting three runs, all in the first inning, while Gallaudet made six. The score by innings:

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
GALLAUDET	2	1	2	1	x	6	
W. H. S.	3	0	0	0	0	3	

Saturday the team, with a goodly number of the students accompanying it, journeyed to Georgetown to play perhaps the hardest game of the season with Georgetown University. The result was a score of 12 to 5 against us; a good showing on the whole—in fact, better than usual. Rosson pitched for Gallaudet and did well, considering the very poor support given him at times. Both teams made a number of errors, but, except in the first inning, when the wild throwing of the Georgetown fielders gave Gallaudet a run, Gallaudet's errors were the more costly. Neesam at first made three of the six credited to Gallaudet, and every one of them netted a run. Credit for good all round playing should be given to Gelfuss, Rosson, Barham and Andrew. Meunier also did well, though two errors are credited to him.

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
GALLAUDET	2	0	0	0	0	0	5
GEORGETOWN	2	1	0	1	1	2	14

The next game will be played on Wednesday, with Gettysburg College, at Kendall Green.

Examinations begin to-day and last through Wednesday. Then most of the boys will leave for Great Falls, to camp out till Monday.

Fellow Daniels left for his home in Massachusetts, Saturday, to spend Easter.

The Seniors, after finishing up study in Geology were taken down to the National Museum Wednesday, to see the collection of geological specimens.

Miss Snyder, lately an oral teacher in Minnesota, is visiting our Matrons, Miss Ellis and Mrs. Temple. R. S. T.

BROOKLYN NOTICE.

Please tell your deaf-mute and hearing friends to come and see the big, new, moving pictures. Many slides on Europe, and Paris Exposition, Presentation of Sword to Admiral Dewey, the last carriage ride of Queen Victoria, Boat Race, several Institutions for the Deaf, and pastors among the deaf, etc., by Prof. R. A. Steyer, at St. Mark's Chapel, near De Kalb Ave, Brooklyn, on Thursday eve, April 25th, 1901. Admission, 25 cents, payable at the door. The money will be given to the Brooklyn Guild for Deaf-Mutes. Children, from 5 to 10 years of age, (with their parents) free.

WM. GILBERT, Chairman.
H. L. JUHRING,
H. CONLON,
Committee.

Thought They Were Dogs.

Summer in Dawson City is delightful, and even the winters, say those who have staid there in that season, are glorious. Many are the stories told about the wondrous beauties of the trail over the ice and the White pass, where even women have gone, handling their

Electricity to Cut Steel Beams.

A RECENT EXPERIMENT IN CHICAGO WHICH SAVED TIME AND LABOR.

During the reconstruction of an office building recently in Chicago an interesting use was made of the electric current in cutting in 1890 a cluster of half a dozen heavy steel beams which it was necessary to remove. These beams were of the ordinary I shape and fifteen inches deep. Owing to the difficulty of getting at the beams at the places where they were to be cut, special saws would have been required had the beams been cut in the ordinary way, and it was estimated that the work would take two men about twelve days' time and cost about \$100.

Instead of doing the work with hack saws, a method was adopted such as scientific burglars invented for getting into safe and vault doors of steel. A current of electricity was brought in from the electric lighting wires in the street to do the work. The positive terminal wire was attached to the steel frame work of the building, to which the beams were riveted, and the negative wire was attached to a carbon point 1 1/2 inches in diameter, which was provided with a wooden handle to enable the operator to direct it along the beams at the places where they were to be cut. An asbestos shield protected the operator's body from the heat and black spectacles protected his eyes. In twelve hours the beams were severed with an expenditure of only about five-horse power in electric current, and the work was done by an ordinary workman.

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THE carefully prepared plans for the new building on the old site, to be fire-proof and adapted to the needs of fifty inmates, each having a separate room, call for \$48,400 to complete the structure with its inside wood and iron work.

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Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.
Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.
Mr. F. L. Seliney, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.
Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason Street, Rochester, N. Y.
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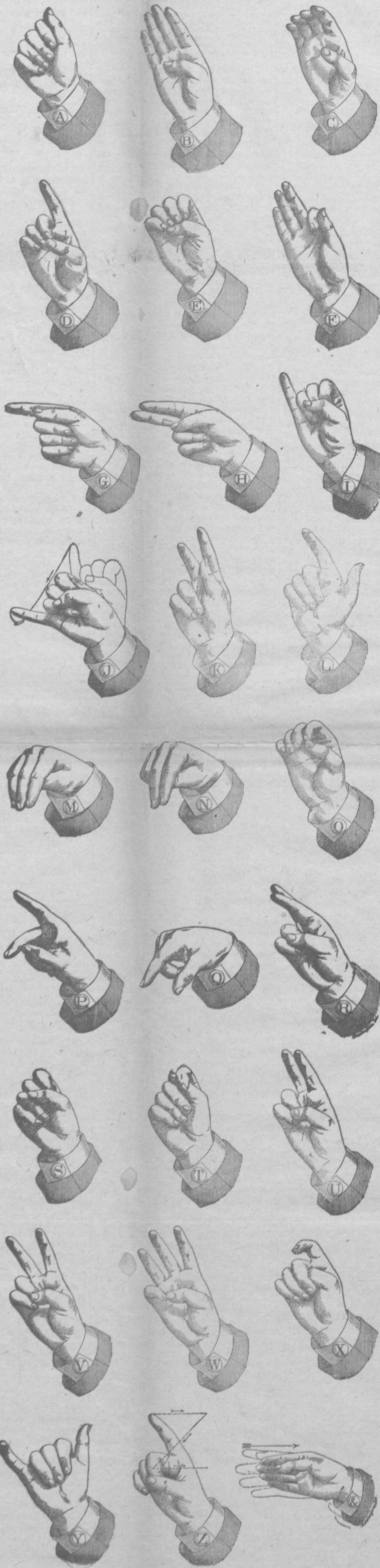
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ALPHABET CARDS.	
50 Cards, with name,	.35
100 " " " "	.50
250 " " " "	1.00
50 Cards, without name	.25
100 " " " "	.40
200 " " " "	.75

EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.
50 Cards (no alphabets) .40
100 " " " " .80

Just in a d-vance. Stamps accepted
Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries,
or for sample.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED
FOR
THE DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE,
EXCURSION,
ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 17TH, 1901.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
one in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1901 model bicycle of our manufacture. YOU CAN MAKE \$10 TO \$50 A WEEK besides having a wheel to ride for yourself.
1901 Models High Grade \$10 to \$18
'00 & '99 Models Best \$7 to \$12
500 Second Hand Wheels \$3 to \$8
many good as new.....
We ship any bicycle ON APPROVAL to anyone without a cent deposit in advance and allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.** You take no risk in ordering from us, as you do not need to pay a cent if the bicycle does not suit you.
We want a reliable person in each town to distribute catalogues for us in exchange for a bicycle. Write today for free catalogue and our special offer.
J. L. HEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago.